

17.

malls, shopping centers, supermarkets

he found them everywhere and anywhere --  
the young mothers, the lonesome wives,  
the disillusioned brides -- at mid day  
in the malls, shopping centers, the  
air-cooled supermarkets. easy as pie.

a fail-proof pickup. something in their  
eyes. irresistible truth; the magic of  
cognizance. there's one with raven black  
locks, eating ice cream, alone on a bench.  
not for long. "let me introduce myself ...."  
another, yonder by the orange julius stand.

or how about the lovely in high heels  
delicious legs getting into her car. his  
private tigress a half hour from now.

18.

heaven and hell and the phenomenon of time

he found he couldn't live with it; conversely  
he found he couldn't do without it. some  
higher moral order, an "ineffable something,"  
seemed to call to him from vaulted ceilings.  
ignoring it, he jumped at every chance.

he turned to alcohol ... the universal solvent.  
the days melted clean away into years. he  
lost all former sense of proportion. those  
preternatural imperatives, once so blatantly  
obvious, now eluded him. in the fun house of  
life he stood before love's double mirrors  
dumbfounded. the rivers of time pissed on him.

at the depths of his depravity he discovered  
it difficult to even love himself anymore.